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# P O E M S









"AND THERE WHERE THE BREAKWATER TREMBLINGLY STANDS,  
AND ANXIOUSLY HEARS THE GREAT BREAKERS' DEMANDS."

*Frontispiece.*

# POEMS

BY

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ARCHDEACON OF CUMBERLAND

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## PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION



THIS Edition contains several additional poems. The Stanzas entitled "The Lord's Day" having been published in the *Sydney Mail*, the proprietors of that Journal have kindly given permission for their inclusion in these pages. The Sonnet on Burns was published on Saturday, 20th July 1912, both in the *Sydney Morning Herald* and in the *Daily Telegraph* (Sydney). With reference to the poem "Old Government House, Windsor, N.S.W." (included in the 2nd and 3rd Editions), it has been pointed out by a friendly critic (Mr. Wm. Freame, Member of the Australian Historical Society) that old Government House was built, not as stated in the poem by Governor Macquarie (1810 to 1821) but by Governor Hunter (1795 to 1800). The Author readily makes this necessary correction, and in explanation desires to say that he was Rector of St Matthew's, Windsor, from 1890 to 1893, and that the statements he has put into blank verse concerning Macquarie's association with the Hawkesbury District he had derived from several of the oldest inhabitants.

In sending out this Edition opportunity is taken to publish a letter which, unexpectedly, was received some years ago from the late Canon Henry Twells, M.A., Author of the Hymns "At Even ere the Sun was set," "The Voice of God's Creation found me," and of other Hymns which by their merit have obtained a permanent place in English Hymnology. The Author had had printed for private

circulation a booklet of some of the poems he had written. One of his friends had sent a copy to Canon Twells, and the receiving of the following letter did undoubtedly give great encouragement to a young writer :—

“ THORNLEIGH, BOURNEMOUTH,  
*October 26, 1899.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ My relative, Mrs. M'Kenzie, has sent me your little volume of verse, with which I am much pleased. I am glad that you share my propensity for rhyming—a pleasure to oneself over and above any good it may please God it may do to others. You seem to manage successfully the difficult Spenserian stanza which I don't think I ever attempted. You are also fortunate in your manipulation of blank verse, and yet you occasionally indulge, with no failure of sweetness, in less stately metres. I don't know you and probably in this world shall never know you ; but I trust we may meet where song is perfect and never dying.

“ Sincerely yours,

“ HENRY TWELLS.”

Because of that letter and of similar letters from other men of erudition, the Author accepted the responsibility of publication, and offered, as he wrote in the Preface to the First Edition, “ This modest volume of verse as a contribution to the treasury of Australian Literature, a literature which need not be all about Australia.”

ROSE BAY, SYDNEY,  
*June 1913.*

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# POEMS



ELLEN

ON rising ground the farmer's dwelling stood ;  
Its foliated walls and purple vines looked  
down

On fields which sloped to meet the peaceful  
wood ;

Around the house its garden flowers were  
shown ;

Laburnums gaily held their golden crown,  
The scented woodbine breathed its fragrance  
there,

The pasture land spread out its verdant gown,  
A little stream close by its course did bear,  
The cornfields laughed and sang, and joy was  
in the air.

Amid such scenes, to match that pleasant  
place,  
Lived Ellen Dale, a maid of seventeen ;  
An only child ; with merry, winning grace,  
With dimpled face, and locks of golden  
sheen ;  
Ne'er yet her like had young George Romney  
seen.  
With artist's eyes he came to paint the fields,  
With lover's eye he came again, I ween ;  
And day by day her heart she thinks she  
shields,  
And daily evermore her heart to him she yields.

They used to wander in the pleasant grove,  
And hear the warbling songsters tell their joy,  
And hand in hand beside the stream would  
rove,  
And radiant hope would all their thoughts  
employ,  
And all the golden hours had no alloy ;  
For Farmer Dale, when Romney made re-  
quest  
For Ellen's hand, had smiled upon the boy,  
Who saw the tears succeed, but never guessed  
His heart was moved by thought of her he  
once possessed.

If Ellen went away, or came to harm,  
His joys would end ; but they could wedded  
    be,  
And live within a cottage on the farm ;  
And cheerfully the farmer's thought could see  
The branchlets growing from the parent tree ;  
He pictured Ellen's childhood hours again,  
Then saw her children romping in their glee ;  
His heart was gladdened after fleeting pain,  
And sang, as birds sing forth in sunshine after  
    rain.

Then soon the day came round—the looked-  
    for day—  
When Romney took the maid to be his bride ;  
That morn the farmers left their half-made  
    hay,  
And children came, and strangers turned  
    aside,  
To join the village folk and share their pride,  
And crowd the church to hear the mutual  
    vow,  
(And ever in her breast the words abide :  
“Till death us part”) ; then while they  
    humbly bow,  
The priest declares them man and wife together,  
    now.

The village children strewed her way with  
flowers,  
To tell of innocence, and grace, and light;  
And as the fragrant petals fell in showers,  
The people smiled to see the happy sight,  
And all her way was gold, and red, and white;  
Her flower-strewn path in emblem seemed to  
show,  
For those who read its pleasant sign aright,  
That on this earth, where'er good women go,  
Like flowers in lilyd place, there grace shall  
live and grow.

Within her simple home what sweetness  
breathed!  
How merrily her happy heart would sing!  
Like columns garlanded, her days were  
wreathed  
With fragrant acts the passing hours would  
bring,  
And home and field with melody would ring,  
While George would think, and paint, the  
whole day long,  
Or study scenes, and watch the birds on wing,  
And life to Farmer Dale was one glad song—  
Would God his joy might last, nor Ellen suffer  
wrong!

Poor lonely wife ! when many years had passed,  
And all the fountains of her grief were dry,  
One evening hour would still in memory last,  
An hour she ne'er lived o'er without a sigh :  
She walked beside the ripening field of rye  
Between her home and that of childhood's  
days ;

She saw the farming men pass homeward by,  
And watched the western sun come back in  
golden rays,  
And flood with mellow light the homes, and  
fields, and ways ;

And George was by her side, and took her  
hand,

And, voiceless, walked with slowly-moving  
pace—

And when the gradual shade came o'er the  
land,

She heard the words which years could not  
efface :

“ Soon must I leave you, dearest, for a space,  
To perfect what is lacking in my art ;

The time will quickly pass, and we must brace  
Ourselves to live a little year apart,

And every day my love will burn within my  
heart.”

When George had gone away she left her  
home

To live within her father's walls again,  
And by the stream and in the woods would  
roam,

And hear the birds sing low, in mournful  
strain :

But every well-loved scene would bring her  
pain,

Until her grief was more than she could bear,  
And all her smiles to hide her fears were  
vain.

The farmer felt her daily weight of care ;  
He saw the roses fade, the lilies languish there.

But Ellen seemed to have new life and powers  
When sickness came to lay her father low.  
Although her sorrows came in chilling  
showers,

Her filial love burned clear with living glow,  
Until she had no griefs, or none to show.

But not for long had she to stay their tide ;  
The farmer died, and grief's full stream must  
flow :

Alas ! the heavy hour her father died !  
Alas, for vanished days when George was by  
her side !

No longer could she stay where every scene  
Would tell of former light and present shade ;  
And though the well-known fields were clad  
    in green,  
And trees and hedges all their charms displayed,  
She left the homes she knew as wife and  
    maid,  
And to the neighbouring village came to  
    dwell ;  
Within its church full often had she prayed,  
Although she lived beyond th' inviting bell,  
And there had asked for grace to serve the  
    Saviour well.

And there unselfishly she lived her days,  
Fulfilling all her flower-strewn path had said ;  
From her, on saddened lives, there fell the  
    rays  
Which she was wont, where'er she went, to  
    shed :  
She knew to comfort, for her heart had bled.  
So seasons came and went, and life went on,  
Till forty years had gone since she was wed.  
Of *him* she heard not, till all hope was gone,  
And yet a radiant hope o'er all her pathway  
    shone.

Less shame had Romney's been if he had died  
When first his faithful wife began to mourn.  
He lived—but never spoke about his bride ;  
He never said a wedding-ring was worn  
By one whose heart for him was wrenched  
and torn.

He lived in London : there as years went by,  
His name was made—his painter's fame was  
born ;

His house was honoured by the great and high,  
And yet no joy was his, with life a daily lie.

Alas ! that days of fame should end in gloom—  
A tree of genius fall, and fruit no more !  
The days when Romney's powers might live  
and bloom

Were gone ! Men found him senseless on  
the floor ;

And when he spoke, 'twas " Ellen " o'er and  
o'er.

They sought for her and found her where he  
said,

Then journeyed with her to her husband's  
door.

She gave him no reproach, she lost her dread—  
For every thought, but grief and pitying love,  
had fled.



Was ever woman's love more sorely tried?  
Was ever woman's heart more nobly shown?  
Not hers to say, "Too late"; not hers to  
chide:

Hers only to forgive—his grief her own—  
And spend the hours with God and him  
alone.

So Ellen stayed with him until the end;  
And o'er his form she uttered moan on moan;  
Then in her village lived—to all a friend—  
Ah me! how great His love who such a love  
can send!

It is due to the memory of George Romney to say that instead of the occurrence described in the stanza beginning "Alas! that days of fame should end in gloom," he should have been presented as returning (though after an absence of forty years), broken in mind and body, to the scene of his old home, where his wife received him unmurmuring, tended him, closed his eyes, and buried him. Romney was born in 1734, at Dalton, in Lancashire. He became a famous portrait painter, and died in 1802.

## NEW ZEALAND

BENEATH the Southern Seas, within the earth  
Embowelled, the mighty earth-fires slumbered on  
Until the waking time, and then, with strange  
Appalling sounds, which startled earth itself,  
While oceans rushed away, this beauteous land,  
In fiery awfulness and pomp, uprose.

From twice two hundred belching hills down  
poured

The red-hot streams, while showers of burning  
earth

Fell hissing in the sea, or lit the ground.

Then by the ocean waves, and wingèd fleets  
That o'er them sailed, were carried seeds, which  
lodged

Within the ready soil, and grew, and joyed  
To live ; until, as ages still went by,  
The giant trees, with all th' attendant plants,  
The flowering shrubs, the vines, the flax and  
ferns,

The grass, and waving reeds, and scented herbs,  
In loving unison the land adorned.

And far on silent hills, with gentle force  
The springs of water oozed, and dripped, and  
    ran  
In tiny rills, and met with other rills,  
And these with more ; and flowed, a broadening  
    stream,  
Through virgin forests down the rocky gorge,  
In silvery windings through the spreading  
    plains,  
And on, in stately course, to meet the sea.  
And in their secret channels underground  
The rivers flowed, which would, in days when  
    man  
Had pierced the earth, spring up in living  
    streams.  
And coal lay there, as well as richest gems,  
And gold to blast or bless the sons of men.

And in this Wonderland the Moa roamed,  
And Kiwis, wingless birds, had there their  
    home.  
No venomed serpent glided there, or rose  
In deadly coil, to mar the harmony  
Of pleasant fields, or wooded murmurous glens.

And one by one the fires that issued from  
The inmost earth drew back ; and on their vast  
And silent bowl-like place men look, and bring  
To mind the cauldron's overflowing lake,  
And hills that burned and belched in pristine  
time.

And even now on Tongariro's Mount  
Are signs of fire and smouldering power ; and  
springs

That seethe all day, and send up clouds of steam,  
Are near ; and in these sulphur baths men bathe  
To bring their strength again, and banish pain.

To these fair isles there came in great canoes  
A race of men adventurous, warlike, quick ;  
And here they stayed, and multiplied, and  
spread,

Until it came that tribe fell out with tribe,  
And quarrels raged, and hateful passions reigned.  
And so it was when some of Britain's sons  
Came sailing in their whale-ships in these seas,  
And saw the goodly land which Tasman saw,  
And Cook made known, and, landing there,  
they stayed.

And soon it came that on a British ship  
A Maori, Duaterra, sailed, and worked

Amongst the crew ; and him a minister  
Of God of Austral's land observed, and asked  
About his race, and learned to speak his tongue,  
For he would plant a garden choice, to please  
The living God, in Duaterra's land.  
So Marsden left his home, and sailed to tell  
A race of men the Gospel of the Lord.

And on the day men celebrate the Lord's  
Nativity, while o'er the scene the sun  
Rejoicing shone, he plunged into the sea,  
And swam to greet the Maoris on the shore ;  
And in their native tongue they heard him  
say,  
" Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy."  
And soon it ran that God was GOOD, and God  
Loved THEM, and One had wrought on earth  
to bring  
Them back to God, and show the way of Love ;  
And God gave life : the dews and gentle rain,  
Of His good grace, refreshed the fields, which  
brought  
Forth healthful fruits and flowers of Paradise.

But storm-clouds gathered o'er the peaceful  
scene,  
When other tribes of Maoris rose against

The Whites, and brave men fought against the  
brave,  
Save when Te Kooti led his cruel tribe  
'Gainst unprotected homes, to slay the weak ;  
They tossed, and caught the children on the  
spears,  
And killed the helpless mothers and their  
babes.  
And strong men shudder now, to hear recalled  
The horrors of that fire-lit massacre.

Throughout this time men builded towns, and  
towns,  
When peace was made, to throbbing cities grew,  
And villages and country homes appeared.  
The fertile acres yielded to the plough,  
And ripening sunbeams brought the harvest-  
home ;  
With flocks and herds the plains and hills were  
decked,  
The ships conveyed afar the golden fleece ;  
From all the world men brought their arts, their  
skill,  
And progress ran, and knowledge multiplied.

O, be her people wise to serve the Lord,  
As o'er them speaks the Standard of the Cross !

And may her rulers rule in equity,  
And gentle peace unfrightened nestle here !  
So shall the Ruler of her destinies  
Take pleasure in a people nobly good,  
And shed His light and glory o'er the land.

## LIFE

MOURNFUL and slow our tread,  
    Heavy the day,  
When we the precious dead  
    Carried away.

Gone was that life from earth,  
    Gone ! and no more,  
He who brought grace and mirth,  
    Near us could draw.

Then on our ears there fell  
    Words of strange power—  
Words which prevailed to quell  
    Grief in that hour.

“ I am the Life ” we heard ;  
    Yet he lay dead.  
God ! is this wondrous word  
    Mockingly said ?



“ He that believes on Me,  
Dying shall live ! ”  
Lord, for that life set free,  
Thanks now we give.

“ Never shall die ! ” We knew  
Sight had deceived ;  
He had found Christ’s word true,  
He who believed.

## AUTUMN LEAVES

So noiselessly and lightly

    These leaves are falling down ;

The wind comes sighing through the trees,

    The heavens seem to frown ;

The days are shorter than they were,

And coming frosts are in the air.

But though the air is keener,

    The heavens overcast ;

Though withered leaves are round me strown,

    And Summer days are past ;

Yet Autumn has its barns' full floors,

Its hopes of Spring, its gathered stores.

These crinkled leaves around me,

    In loveliness were made ;

These trees—so bare, and cold, and still—

    In beauty stood arrayed ;

But time its course has run again,

And leafless trees, and bleak, remain.

Yet in the days now vanished,  
    These leaves have sheltered me ;  
In days recalled, of storm and heat,  
    Their grateful roof I see ;  
Their welcome shade I think of yet,  
Nor can their friendly aid forget.

But now these leaves are lifeless,  
    Nor joy nor grief can keep ;  
But lives, not leaves, that stood to bless,  
    Their recompense shall reap ;  
While loveless lives no joys will share,  
But still be cold, and dead, and bare.

## ON THE SHORES OF THE SEA OF GALILEE

THE twelve Apostles sought the Master's face,  
And told Him all that they had said and done :  
But people thronged Him there ; some stayed  
awhile

And left, and others came, so that they had  
No time to take their necessary food,  
Until He said, "Come ye yourselves apart  
Into a lonely place and rest awhile."

A goodly fishing-boat lay near, its form  
Reflected in the silent sea. To this  
They came, and dipped the heavy oars ; and soon  
They met a wind, and hoisted up the sail,  
And steered across the lake.

The people saw  
Him go, and knew perchance where He would  
land,

And went with haste around the water's marge ;  
Till so it was that when He reached the place  
He found a multitude awaiting Him.

They moored the boat; and when the Lord  
came forth

And looked upon the multitude, He had  
Compassion, for He saw them as a flock  
Whom no man cared for, whom Himself would  
tend.

He walked with His disciples to the hill,  
And, sitting down, He looked along the shore  
And saw the people coming still. Some ran,  
But some with weary step, and some who  
seemed

To walk with pain, slow, halting progress made.

To Philip, standing near, the Master turned,  
And "Whence shall we buy bread, that these  
may eat?"

He said: but knew, the while, what He would do.  
And Philip said, "Two hundred pennyworth  
Would not suffice for every one to have  
A little food."

The Master welcomed them,  
And spake the things which He had brought  
from God,  
And those that needed healing there, He healed.

The sun meanwhile was shedding golden light  
Along the gleaming surface of the lake,

And all the Twelve came near, and said  
The day was late, there were no dwellings there,  
And He should send the multitude away  
To villages, to buy some food, and eat.  
But Jesus said, "They have no need to go  
Away; give ye them food." "And shall we go  
And buy two hundred pennyworth of bread,"  
They ask, "and give them food?" So quietly  
He spake, and said, "How many loaves are  
here?"

Go ye and see." Then Andrew said a boy  
Was there who had five loaves and two small  
fish.

"But what are they," he asked, "among all  
these?"

And when the Master answered, "Bring them  
here

To Me," the lad came up, and placed the loaves  
And fish beside some red anemones,  
Before the Lord. And then He gave command  
To make them all sit down in groups;  
And soon the people understood, and grouped  
Themselves in companies, until the place  
Was like a spacious garden, having scores  
Of separate beds, gay with bright-coloured  
flowers.

There in their groups they stayed, reclining on

The grass, and looking toward the sea, to where  
The Master stood, in act to bless the food.  
He took the loaves and fish, and, looking up  
To Heaven, He gave the Father thanks, and  
blessed,  
And brake the bread, and handed to the men  
To set before the waiting multitude :  
The fish as well. When all were filled, He  
called  
The Twelve to gather up the pieces left.  
With pieces undistributed they filled  
Twelve baskets full. Then at His word they  
took  
The boat and rowed to reach the other side,  
While He Himself would send the multitude  
Away. Reluctantly, with wondering minds,  
The people went their ways, and He was left  
Alone. Then, wearied with the day, He sought  
The mountain-side, and there alone He prayed.

## AN INCIDENT IN NEW YORK

IN a church in New York City,  
On the weekly day of rest,  
There were young, and old, and pretty—  
Plainly some, some richly dressed.

There were toilers from the masses,  
There were beggars from the street,  
Business men, and lads, and lasses,  
All on common ground to meet.

There were slaves of old oppressions,  
There were lives bowed down with care,  
There were men of all professions,  
From all motives, gathered there.

There, great-hearted Henry Beecher  
Spoke of love : God's love to man ;  
And that grace-anointed preacher  
Urged that *man* bear love to man.



And he told that congregation  
Of God's well-belovèd Son,  
Who once died for their salvation,  
And for men the victory won.

He would teach them of the Father,  
By the Spirit to them sent ;  
Men could learn to serve Him, rather  
Than in selfish course be spent.

So the seed of Truth was scattered  
In the hearts of many men,  
And I ween it even mattered  
How they heard, beyond our ken.

From men there, were prayers ascending  
To the Throne of heavenly grace,  
Where the Great High Priest attending,  
Represents His ransomed race.

And the music, too, ascended,  
Pealing onward through the sky ;  
Till with heaven's praise it blended,  
Sounding through the Courts on High.

When the people had departed  
And the choir remained to sing,  
Two poor street boys, heavy-hearted,  
Looked, and entered, whispering.

Henry Beecher quickly saw them,  
And their wonderment was great  
When he blessed them, bending o'er them,  
For he sorrowed for their state.

And he grasped the whole occasion  
As he bade the voices sing  
Gracious words of invitation—  
Words that through the ages ring :—

“ I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
    ‘ *Come unto Me and rest* ’ ;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,  
    Thy head upon My breast.  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
    Weary, and worn, and sad ;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
    And He has made me glad.”

Then he gave the lads assistance,  
And he told of Christ again,  
Till you heard them from a distance  
Singing o'er the hymn's refrain :—

“I came to Jesus as I was,  
    Weary, and worn, and sad ;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
    And He has made me glad.”

Then the angels wrote the story  
    Of a simple deed, and kind,  
Bringing to the Lord His glory,  
    Showing on the earth His mind.

And they love to tell each other  
    How it pleases well the King  
When on earth men help a brother,  
    And a sad heart learns to sing.

## THE LORD AND THE CHILDREN

FROM peaceful Galilee, its grassy plains  
And vine-clothed slopes and olive-planted hills,  
From thriving towns and Galilee's blue sea,  
The Saviour journeyed to Jerusalem ;  
And near the Jordan, where the Jabbok joins  
Its stream, He stayed to rest.

Men knew His life ;  
He cheered the sad and suffering on their way,  
And seemed to bring the Father down to men  
The while He made their souls to thirst for  
God.

The children knew His love with all their heart,  
And all the land was stirred from end to end.

Once more the multitudes who came to Him  
He taught ; and there, once more, their sick He  
healed.

Then, answering loveless Pharisees, He spoke  
Of wedded life ; the Blessed One, who had  
Not where to lay His head, spoke words to give

Continuance to earthly homes, and told  
How man and wife were one.

When suddenly,  
With impulse stirred, some mothers took their  
babes

To Him, to lay His hands on them and pray.  
The men who journeyed with the Lord rebuked  
The mothers of the babes, and bade them go.  
But, moved with indignation, Jesus spake,  
And bade them let the children come to Him,  
And never more forbid God's little ones,  
For He approved them well.

With outstretched arms  
He welcomed them ; and one by one He took  
The little ones into His arms, and laid  
On them His gentle hands, till all were blessed.  
This done, and all the women's hearts made  
glad,  
The Lord went onward to Jerusalem.

## ON THE SEA SHORE

FROM far on the ocean these waters have  
    come,  
And curving and breaking and frolicsome,  
    Or gracefully lingering in spray,  
They drench the bold rocks that jut out from  
    the land,  
And reaching at length to their barrier of  
    sand,  
    Spread slowly in ripples away.

If under thy waters, deep sea, we could go,  
And search the vast spaces and caverns below,  
    Strange stories and scenes we should find ;  
Thy monsters and peoples would crowd on our  
    sight,  
And mysteries unending would come to the  
    light,  
    And tangles that baffled unwind.



*Wollongong Lighthouse and Breakwater, Wollongong*





How changeful thy moods, thou strange mighty  
    deep,  
Lazily lolling, and almost asleep,  
    Yet ready for fury and storm ;  
Reflecting the clouds that run o'er thee their  
    race,  
Kissing the sunbeams that light on thy face,  
    And constantly changing thy form.

So smooth in thy course where no reefs cross  
    thy path,  
But leaping and hissing on cliffs in thy wrath,  
    And persisting from age unto age ;  
Until, as the centuries sink in the past,  
Walls of rock give way slowly, and vanish at  
    last,  
    In sorrow allaying thy rage.

Advancing in pride when the storm winds  
    blow high,  
And surging and mingling thy waves with the  
    sky,  
    As ready to make it thy home ;  
White-crested, descending with terrible roar,  
And hastening to deluge and conquer the  
    shore,  
    And sullenly flowing in foam.

And there where the breakwater tremblingly  
stands,

And anxiously hears the great breakers'  
demands,

    In mountains they thunder and swirl ;  
And the lash of the merciless tempest goes past,  
And thy torrents with fury are wild as the  
blast,

    And boulders, as playthings, they hurl.

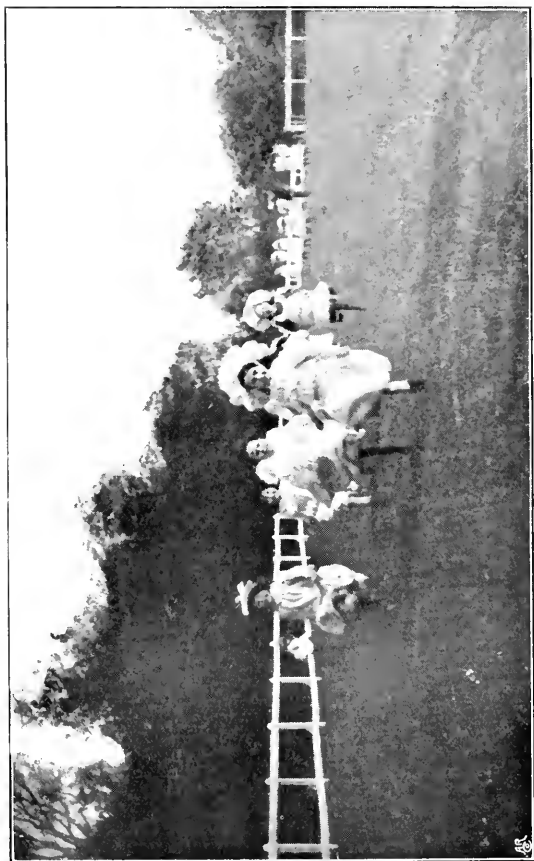
And now that the storm and thy raging have  
ceased,

And the clouds are dispersed and warm sun-  
beams released,

    How proudly thy bosom still swells !  
How grandly the breakers come in from the  
sea,

And the sound of the surf is as music to me,  
    As I gather the seaweed and shells.





CHILDREN AT PLAY.

## THE TWO BIRDS

BLITHE was the song a little bird sang  
To greet the new day at its dawning ;  
Pleased with its life, its happy notes rang,  
And brightened the joy of the morning.

Soft was the lawn, where children at play  
Ran shouting and telling their pleasure ;  
Gay was the garden where, hung from a spray,  
Loud carolled our saffron-hued treasure.

Cruel the butcher bird, swooping in rage,  
The moment he found us unwary ;  
Feathers and stains on the bars of the cage  
Tell the fate of the little canary.

## A PATRIARCHAL TREE

UPON a rounded hill at Wollongong,  
A silent hill which hears by night and day  
The never-ceasing voices of the waves,  
An ancient wide-girthed eucalyptus stands,  
Erect and many-branched, alone and dead.  
Alone and dead ; yet not alone, not dead,  
To one who hears its lingering shade breathe forth  
Its memories of the past, and all the hill  
Is covered once again with native bush,  
And graceful ferns, and patriarchal trees.

One day I stood and saw its fire-scarred bole,  
And marked its lofty stem in lifeless state,  
When lo, in tones as if the air had voice,  
The while I listened wonderingly, it spoke  
To me, and said—

“ Above my roots, where you  
Are standing now, a fire was made by blacks,  
Who ate their food and strewed the ground with  
shells.

They laughed and chattered there, until a boy  
Came running breathless up, and pointed back,  
And gasped: 'A great white fish, a giant bird,'  
He knew not what, was on the sea; and all  
The camp sprang up, and looking, ran and saw  
A white-sailed ship of white men sailing by.

"For many days no change was seen; the sun  
In ruby splendour came from Eastern seas,  
And ran his royal course, and often, ere  
Below the mountain range he passed from sight,  
Full glorious were the scenes about his path:  
Sometimes one looked upon a golden sea,  
A sea of sky so peaceful, clear, and deep,  
One rested in its depths; and lo, a shore  
Dazzling with silver fire, and islands red  
As flames that burn by night, and continents  
Whose crimson mountains tower to meet the  
          heavens.

The gorgeous aspect lessens into grey,  
The sun has set, and now there gleams a star;  
And other stars hang out their lamps, in twos,  
And tens, and scores, and many tens of scores,  
As darkness quickly settles o'er the land.

"So days went on in uneventful course,  
Until to yonder meadows white men came,

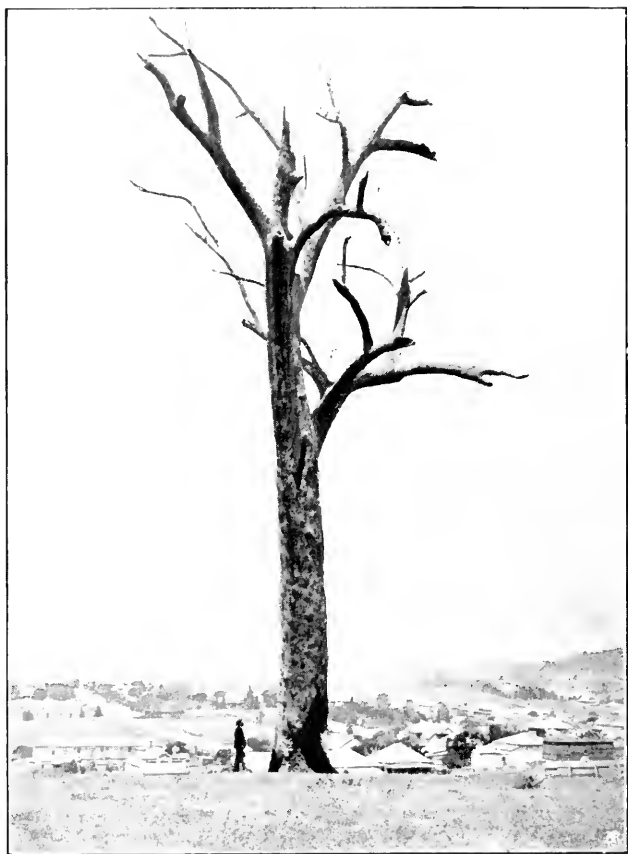
The hardy pioneers who tilled the land ;  
And you would hear their axe-strokes through  
the day,  
As trees fell crashing down, and lay along  
The ground, and changed their form to smoke  
and flame ;  
And through the gaps you saw the settler's  
home,  
Where little children played, and helped their  
sires,  
And where the trees had grown came fields of  
green.

“ It chanced one day a man approached and said,  
‘ A noble tree ! ’twere wrong to cut it down ’ ;  
And seeing at my feet the shells remain,  
‘ Poor blacks,’ he said, and seemed as if he spoke  
His thoughts unto himself : ‘ Poor helpless blacks,  
Through all your generations leaving nought,  
And doomed to die before the white man’s rule.  
No archives have ye, nor the skill to trace  
The gradual way whereby men grow in Art ;  
And that dear Faith, the spring of all that makes  
A people great, to you has never come.’

“ He seemed a man who lived in sympathy  
With seas and trees and all created things,







“IT SPOKE NO MORE, BUT STOOD IN STILLNESS THERE,  
ERECT, BUT BROKEN-BRANCHED, ALONE, AND DEAD.”

And Nature seemed to listen as he spoke ;  
And when he ceased and rested in my shade,  
The wind came lightly, going through the trees,  
And on the air there came the peaceful sound  
Of summer wavelets playing on the shore.

“ He spoke again ; and ‘ O ye hills,’ he said,  
‘ Ye wooded hills that shield the meadow land  
When winter winds blow chill, soon must ye give  
Your hidden wealth, your sable mineral,  
For man’s enrichment, toil, and enterprise :  
Soon on the lands that gently slope beneath  
Your towering cliffs shall villages be seen,  
The homes of men who work in constant night,  
Or tend the herd and till the fertile field ;  
And to that bay where those five islands stand  
And bear their witness of the ocean’s power,  
Shall world-wide commerce come, the busy  
streets  
And homes for miles extend, and plenteous  
peace  
And gladness dwell in this well-dowered scene.’ ”

It ceased to speak ; and though I lingered long,  
It spoke no more, but stood in stillness there,  
Erect, but broken-branched, alone, and dead.

## A SONG OF PARADISE

ONE who rejoiced that many served the Lord,  
Beheld, amongst the simple and the grand,  
In homes and churches, schools, and bed-filled  
ward,  
The fruits of faith abounding in the land.

His spirit waked one night to music's strains,  
Awaked and saw the messengers of light ;  
And as he gazed, the brilliance dimmed his  
sight,  
The brilliance of the heavenly domains.

And while he stayed so still, in reverent dread,  
Though stirred by influence of the heavenly  
scene,  
“Fear not, but come, since He hath made  
thee clean,”

A gracious messenger approached and said,

Then as he led him through the peopled space,  
His heart rejoiced, the golden streets he trod ;  
When lo, they neared the awful Throne of  
God—

The angel prostrate fell, and veiled his face.

He knelt beside him, as a tuneful wave  
Of song resounded, thrilling through their  
ranks ;

And ordered hosts gave glory, honour, thanks,  
To One enthroned, Who lived to love and save.

Till, strengthened by that praise, he stood and  
saw,  
Countless and bright as stars, angels of  
light,—

The hosts that do His word, excel in might,  
In spheres where law is love and love is law.

He turned, as angel voices near them spake,  
To see who used the Name all names above,  
When converse full of love of Him we love,  
He heard a group of radiant beings make.

They said the wonder of it all remained  
That Christ the Lord should go and live on  
earth,

And take of woman's flesh, in lowly birth,  
The perfect human form He still retained,

Still they remembered well the peaceful night  
When down to earth they took their brilliant  
way,  
And made the fields at Bethlehem bright as  
day,  
When God, in infant life, had veiled His might.

With voices low and hushed, in yearning tone,  
They spoke of agony, and named the  
Cross,—  
“To save a people from eternal loss,  
The Lord had suffered it, away, alone.”

They spoke of Heaven's joy when Christ  
returned,  
Of wonder at the human form He bore,  
Of mystery—God and man joined ever-  
more,—  
And while he heard, his heart within him  
burned.

When lo, some pleasant sounds came floating  
by  
From Paradise, as men, not angels, sang ;  
Redeemed to God, their grateful voices rang ;  
The angels stopped, and listened eagerly :—

“Thee we revere, Lord God of all the saints ;  
King of the Ages, all hast Thou done well ;  
Bowed low before Thee, we in truest love  
Give Thee our praise and grateful thanks,  
Lord God.

Lord God our Saviour, on Thy Father’s throne,  
Praise we the love which brought Thee to our  
earth ;

Praise we Thy love, Who sinless bore our sin ;  
Thy grace we praise, who of Thy life partake.  
Spirit, Lord Eternal, Giver Thou of Life,  
Working within the Church, to Thee be praise ;  
Healer of the nations, all Whose ways are true,  
Lord God Almighty, Thee we serve and love.”

The music ceased, he heard nor sound nor voice ;  
In thoughtful mood the angelic group went on,  
Till he who led him in stood there alone,  
Speaking to tell what made the Heavens  
rejoice :—

“When selfish men repent and serve the King,  
And love because themselves are loved of  
God ;

When flowers of kindness spring where they  
have trod,—

Our joy is great beyond imagining.”

He waked, and eastward saw the shafts of light,  
And heard the birds sing loud to greet the  
day,  
But all the golden hours he lived that night  
Can never from his memory pass away.



# ODE ON THE INAUGURATION OF THE AUSTRALIAN COMMON- WEALTH

## I.

Now fervent be our festal lay,  
Our hearts with joy are lighted,  
While all the world beholds to-day  
Our Continent united :  
And England's Queen receives unstained  
The precious gem her rule hath gained.

## II.

We hear the Commonwealth proclaimed,  
And all the land rejoices,  
While sons of One Australia named  
Uplift their thankful voices  
To sing of work so true and good,  
Which joins our States in brotherhood !

## III.

We give our thanks to Him from Whom  
Prosperity proceedeth ;  
He gives the skill to watch our loom,  
'Tis He our minds who feedeth ;  
All gladly then we own His sway,  
Whose hand hath led us to this day.

## IV.

Great Nation, from whose life we live,  
Our Mother Land, we hail thee !  
And ready stand our sons to give,  
To help if foes assail thee !  
Meanwhile beneath the Southern Cross,  
With widened range we shape our course.

## V.

Ye mountain ranges swell our song,  
Ye pastures join in chorus ;  
Ye fruitful fields the strain prolong,  
And cities throb before us ;  
Ye ship-thronged ports with busy commerce  
sing,  
And all the States in joyful echo ring.

VI.

Now plenteous peace and golden hope be ours,  
With learning's fruits and healthful pleasure's  
flowers ;

Now Wisdom's torch the path of greatness light,  
And Honour, Justice, Love, their strength  
unite—

To build upon a broad and good foundation,  
A righteous, happy, great Australian nation.

## AN AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL HYMN

ENTHRONED above all other Thrones  
As Universal King,  
Thy Majesty Australia owns :  
Father, Thy love we sing !  
And humbly own Thy gracious sway  
Whose hand hath led us to this day.

Our States are joined in brotherhood,  
And all our hearts rejoice,  
And yet we have a truer good  
In making Thee our choice ;  
For Thou art mercy, truth, and health—  
Be Thou Thyself our Commonwealth.

For more art Thou than every gift  
Thy lavish hands bestow ;  
Lord give us grace our hearts to lift  
To Christ, in Him to know  
Our Father's goodness, love and power,  
And present help in needful hour.

So from Thy face shall stream the light  
Which gladdens earthly days,  
While Austral children build aright  
A nation to Thy praise ;  
And glory and their honour bring  
To Christ, the Universal King.

## SONNET ON THE PROCLAMATION OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA

AUSTRALIA! gone are now thine infant days ;  
And full of gratitude to her who gave  
Thee life and nurtured thee, and watched to  
save  
Thee for thyself, thou enterest on the ways  
Of nationhood. Thy sun arising rays  
A Continent enringed by seas which lave  
The shores of Freedom. For thee the dead,  
brave  
'Gainst aspersion, toiled. Now, while Nations  
gaze  
In wonderment at Britain and at thee,  
Thou enterest joyous on thy prosperous course,  
With Honour, Justice, Law, and Liberty.  
Australia! hold thee near Religion's Cross ;  
By that be pure, by that purge out the dross,  
And evermore be reverent, watchful, free.

## A WINTER SCENE AT BOWRAL

COMING so silently down through the air,  
Falling so lightly to lie here below,  
Throwing its mantle so white everywhere,  
Welcome to-day is the beautiful snow.

Say, do you know as you come here to-day,  
Shrouding the pine trees which round this  
place grow,  
Here men are bringing a comrade, to lay  
Him gently to rest 'neath your beautiful snow?

Lo, now I hear the calm words the Faith gives,  
Words that speak Peace to hearts stricken  
with woe;  
"Mine eyes shall see my Redeemer, who lives":  
These are the words that I hear through the  
snow.

Homeward returning, while now not a sound  
Breaks on the stillness; with steps soft and slow,  
Thoughtful they go from the newly-made mound,  
Mindful of One Who makes "Whiter than  
snow."

## THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEX- ANDRA

WITHIN the ancient Abbey now are gathered  
From all the world the high estates of men  
To see the Coronation of the King.  
Full sixty years and more have run their course  
Since this old roof looked down on such a  
scene ;  
Yet some who stoop for age recall the day  
When England's youthful Queen received the  
Crown  
She kept unsullied for her people's good ;  
To-day her son, restored to precious life  
By Him who gives the surgeon's hand its skill,  
Receives the crown the good Victoria wore.

Here is seen a mighty Empire,  
Here are gathered Church and State,  
Men of action, thought, and learning,  
Representing small and great.



England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland,  
 Joined in strength, are here as one ;  
 Here are daughters of the Empire  
 On which never sets the sun.  
 India's councillors and princes,  
 Afric's statesmen, here have place ;  
 Canada has sent her great men,  
 Australasia adds her grace.  
 And the neighbour Old World peoples  
 Come to greet Old England's King ;  
 While our Transatlantic kinsmen  
 Gratitude and goodwill bring.

Now hushed is all the vast and brilliant throng—  
 Hushed, for he comes, His Majesty the King ;  
 Comes to the Abbey consecrate to God,  
 Within its walls, that tell of England's course,  
 To swear, 'fore God, Truth and Fidelity ;  
 And with him Alexandra, peerless Queen,  
 For grace and tenderness beloved of all.

Lo, at the Western doors they come, the while  
 The song of praise, fragrant, ascends to Heaven.  
 Now the Archbishop, in the words prescribed,  
 Speaks to the King, who makes reply, and kneels,  
 Then placing on the Book his hands, declares,  
 " The things which I now here have promisèd  
 I will perform and keep, so help me God."

And the Archbishop prays the Lord that  
with

“ All princely virtues He will crown the King ” ;

Then reverently upon th’ anointed head

Places the crown, and gives the crownèd King

The priceless Book wherein wisdom is found

And Royal Law, wherein are Oracles

Divine. Another prelate now anoints

And crowns the Queen. And suddenly the  
loud

Acclaim rises and peals and echoes through

The Abbey, “ God save the King, God bless our  
Queen ” ;

And all the peers and peeresses put on

Their coronets, the Bishops don their caps,

The trumpets blare, drums sound, and guns are  
heard,

Until the glad Te Deum by all the host

Is chanted as their song of thankfulness.

And now before the crownèd King the peers

In homage bow and kiss the Royal hand,

And through the Abbey loyal shouts resound.

Now the King kneels,—the Chamberlain the  
while

Holding the Royal Crown,—kneels and re-  
ceives

The Sacramental Food of Bread and Wine ;  
Then reassumes his crown and sits enthroned.

And people of the Empire see in this  
Great scene, the Crown as symbol of the tie  
Which holds them all in one in ordered power ;  
And all the world beholds acknowledgment  
Of Him who honours them who honour Him,  
By whom alone kings reign and princes rule.

## BERKELEY HILL

UPON a pleasant hill, whose young green grass  
The freshlier seems since rain has drawn the long  
Parch'd land to sing, a stately fig-tree feasts  
Its soul on scenes of loveliness.

And we  
May share the feast. Lo, Illawarra's lake,  
Whose waters gleam and smile, whose foliated  
isles

Speak peace and tell of rest. The little boats  
Spread their white wings, rejoicing in their sphere;  
Across the lake the distant purple hills  
That scale the sky, give dignity to peace;  
While nearer, Kembla looks with sad grey eye  
Upon the homes of men, the pleasant farms,  
And out upon the sea, whose waters, fring'd  
With white, are breaking all along the shore.

And now the Western sky, shining with gold,  
Tells that the sun has set; and as we turn  
To leave the peaceful scene, the busy town  
Shows out in mellow light; and thither we  
Return, mindful of Him who made the sea  
And land, and sky, and men, and all fair things.



A SCENE AT MOUNT KEMBLA.



## ILLAWARRA : A SONNET

O ILLAWARRA ! dowered with lavish hand,  
Thy fadeless glories be it mine to sing ;  
For thou art beautiful in everything  
Between thy sheltering range and sea-washed  
    sand.  
And all thy mountains, shores, and fruitful land ;  
Thy palms and ferns and flame-trees blossom-  
    ing ;  
Thine islands five, that midst the breakers stand ;  
Thy beauteous lake, whose wooded islands ring  
With the wild magpies' notes of mellow sound—  
These all unite in one harmonious song :  
They all sing praise to God the whole year  
    round,  
Their voice is heard amid the heavenly throng,  
While hearts of men attuned the strain prolong.  
Ah, glad are they who such fair scenes have  
    found.

SIR HECTOR MACDONALD :  
A SONNET

AH, let us keep the soldier's memory green  
Whose martial fame was known the Empire o'er ;  
So cool in judgment 'midst the battle's roar,  
Quick to decide, and swift of stroke and keen,  
And brave the while with leonine demean.  
On desert sands, when Britain nobly tore  
Oppression's bands and opened Freedom's door,  
Full well he served his country and his Queen.  
As some fair ship with every sail outspread,  
And freighted deep with hard-won precious gain,  
Struck by the blast, sinks helpless in the main,  
And leaves but memory of her gallant trim,  
So has he gone ; and we lament him dead,  
And praise his life's-work when we speak of him.



## THE "LITTLE UNA"

THE wind was blowing lightly  
Along the gleaming sea,  
The sun was shining brightly  
On children in their glee,  
On vessels in the harbour,  
And workmen on the quay.

And yet a sign of sadness  
In all that life and stir  
And merriment and gladness,  
Was floating in the air ;  
But no one seemed to heed it,  
So sadly sighing there.

There lay a graceful schooner,  
A craft of modest worth,  
Her name, the " Little Una,"  
In gleaming lines shone forth ;  
Beside her lay her cargo  
Of timber from the North.

I saw her crew of three men,  
And I to them drew nigh  
To ask those hardy seamen  
Why their flag was half-mast high ;  
Then, beaming with good nature,  
A sailor made reply.

The words were few he uttered,  
He smiled and simply said—  
While in the wind there fluttered  
That bunting overhead—  
He smiled as he came forward  
And called “ The owner’s dead.”

The tired sun was sinking  
Beneath a golden floor,  
As homeward I went thinking  
Of life for evermore :  
The schooner gained the harbour,  
Pray the owner gained the shore.

LINES WRITTEN IN HIS  
DAUGHTER'S ALBUM

To write a poem here, my child,  
I really have no leisure ;  
And though the Muse has on me smiled,  
She comes not at my pleasure.

So I must bide the wooing time  
She holds within her keeping ;  
And when her breathing bids me climb,  
Be found with heart unsleeping.

## THE INAUGURATION OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND AFTERWARDS

THINE ocean laughed for joy, and all thy  
shores

Resounded gleefully ; the towering cliffs  
And deep-set, tree-filled vales had voice and  
sang ;

The rivers joined in tune ; while hand in hand  
The mountains circling, danced ; and all the  
fields

Awoke responsive to the cheerful sun,  
Because, Australia thou hadst come of age,  
And entered on thine own.

But now, alas,  
Thine ocean smiles not, and its sea-washed sand  
In sympathy is still ; silent are all  
The cliffs and foliaged vales ; with mournful  
sound

The rivers flow ; in silent dignity  
 The mountains stand ; and all the pleasant  
 fields

Share in the sorrow of the Austral sun,  
 As disappointment, nay revulsion, reigns.

But once again thy sun shall, pleased, look down,  
 When Austral children build the nation well :  
 When, great of heart and soul, shall nobler sons  
 Renew thee beautiful before the world.

Thy ship-thronged ports with melody shall ring,  
 And cities rise where now is solitude ;  
 The sea and land, and all fair things shall sing,  
 And States and Commonwealth shall own the  
 sway

Of Him Who wisdom gives, and righteousness.

## BABY'S DREAM

“ The anarchy of dreaming sleep.”

THE baby left the big front door,  
And toddled past the garden bower ;  
And where two trees were arching o'er,  
She lay and slept for half an hour.

In dream she saw the noisy goose  
Go flapping round the setting sun ;  
She thought the stars had all got loose,  
And made the trees take fright and run.

The little birds had gone to bed,  
The fishes all came out to play,  
The snowdrop lifted high its head,  
To see the fun that merry day.

The cow and horse, the bear and snail,  
Were dancing round the holly plant ;  
And all the time the gentle whale  
Talked softly to the elephant.

The emu and the kangaroo,  
    Were eating strawberries and cream ;  
The peacock sang a song to woo  
    The snow-white swan, in Baby's dream.

The tiger and the mild gazelle  
    Were slowly walking, arm-in-arm ;  
And Baby heard the tiger tell  
    A tale that sounded like a charm.

The lion and the ostrich sat  
    To see the laughing, dancing scene,  
The bat and rat and friendly cat  
    Played merrily upon the green.

Then Baby heard the thunder leap,  
    And felt the heavy drops of rain,  
And waking from her magic sleep,  
    She wondering, toddled home again.

## I WAS WALKING IN THE SUNSHINE

I WAS walking in the sunshine on an afternoon  
in Spring,  
All the air was full of sweetness, all the pastures  
seemed to sing,  
When a little bird rose lightly from a briar-bush  
in the way,  
Flying swiftly for a moment ere it on the  
bracken lay.

With its little wings distended, it lay panting  
there in pain ;  
Making effort, quiv'ring visibly in struggles all  
in vain ;  
I was sorry for the little thing and watched it  
lying there,  
While I wondered what had struck it in its  
passage through the air.



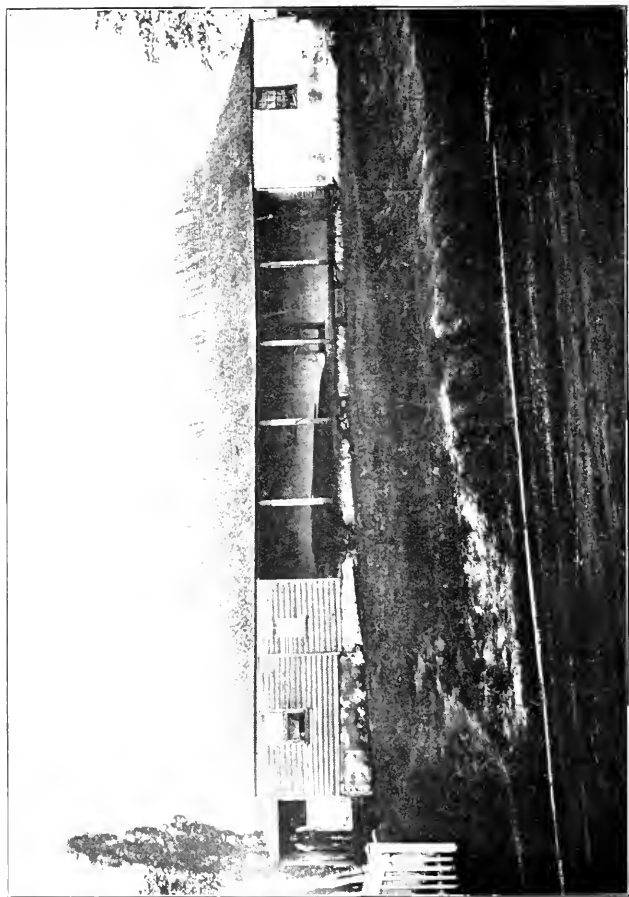
Though it seemed a thing impossible to do it  
any good,  
Yet I stooped me down to take it, I would help  
it if I could ;  
When it fluttered slowly onward, and again  
stopped, full of pain ;  
Eager, then I followed after, stooping quickly  
to attain.

But it went a little farther, stopped again in  
dire distress,  
And the nature of its trouble I was puzzled  
much to guess :  
Till I noticed it had led me quite a distance  
from the briar,  
And when next I went to take it, it flew well,  
and high, and higher.

Full of interest turned I backward to the briar-  
bush again,  
Whence the little bird had started on its doleful  
flights of pain,  
And I found—as I suspected—found a cosy  
little nest,  
And the four blue eggs within it all the mystery  
expressed.

I but looked and would not touch them ; praised  
    I then that little bird,  
Which so anxiously and wisely from its nest a  
    man had lured ;  
And when next a bird feigns sickness, when its  
    wings refuse to move,  
I shall call to mind with pleasing thoughts, that  
    stratagem of love.





OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WINDSOR, N.S.W.

## OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE, WINDSOR, N.S.W.

A HUNDRED years and more have run their  
course

Since settlers saw the River Hawkesbury,  
And came to till the lands its floods enrich ;  
And on the ridge near where a smaller stream  
Flows on to meet the river's ampler flow  
They built their town, and Windsor it was called,  
In fond allusion to the castled town  
Upon the Thames.

And here the Governor,  
Macquarie, built his simple country home,  
And you may see it now, a lowly place,  
A cottage of few rooms, of plastered walls,  
With low verandah, looking out upon  
The Court-house and the willow-fringed creek.  
And here for many weeks in every year  
Macquarie lived and cared for men, and had  
A living sympathy with those who toiled—  
The hardy pioneers of this fair land.

Alas ! their friend must leave. Authority  
Recalled him home. But ere he went, grateful  
They urged him to accept a parting gift  
Of sixty pounds, to purchase for their sakes  
Something that he might hold to speak of them  
And of their gratitude. He took their gift,  
And to a painter in Old England sat,  
And sent them back in pictured form their gold.

And from the walls of Windsor's Court-house  
still

Macquarie looks with grave and thoughtful face.  
But the old cottage where the Governor lived,  
Vice-regal residence of bygone days,  
Neglected stands, and all in disrepair.  
Let New South Wales preserve that early home,  
And teach her children it is well to keep  
And use memorials of the brave and strong,  
Who greatly laboured for posterity,  
And laid foundations which we build upon.





*Photo by*

BRIGHTON BEACH, WOLLONGONG, N.S.W.

[G. G. Houseman.]



## ON THE BRIGHTON BEACH, WOLLONGONG

PLAYFULLY plashing upon the smooth beach,  
Giving your music my musings to teach,  
Helping my spirit your Maker to preach ;  
Wavelets, come speak here and rest here.

Bare-footed, joining the wavelets in play,  
Building new castles in sand every day,  
Watching the fishing-boats leaving the bay ;  
Innocent children, God keep you.

Picnicking close by the sea, on the lawn,  
Gladly awhile from the city withdrawn,  
Soon to return feeling fresh as the dawn ;  
Workers take now recreation.

Lighthouse of Wollongong, graceful and tall,  
Shelter'd and peaceful within thy sea-wall,  
Warning the sailors when breakers appal ;  
Faithful, thou showest the danger.

Full-orb'd o'er tranquil seas, moveth the moon ;  
Lo, there comes full-sailed, in light bright as  
noon,

Barque-rigged a vessel which passes too soon :  
Out of the line of the moon-shine.

Marvellous Ocean-path ! Lustrous the scene !  
Silvered and shining beneath the night's queen,  
Gleaming in level line, pale and serene,  
Glittering from beach to horizon.

## ONCE IN WINTER-TIME IN ENGLAND

ONCE in winter-time in England

When the snow lay on the ground,  
As a child walked near a garden,  
Let me tell you what he found :

There above the earth's white mantle,  
Fit to grace an Eden's bowers,  
Warm and rich and passing pleasant,  
Lo, the yellow crocus flowers !

All unconscious of their splendour,  
They enriched and cheered the scene ;  
There they stood in grace and beauty,  
Modest, regal, and serene.

Thrilled his little heart with pleasure  
At that scene of white and gold ;  
And though nearly two score winters  
Passing, have their scenes unrolled,

Still with gladsome eye he standeth  
Drinking of that scene again ;  
Still above the snow, the flowers  
Lift their princely heads and reign !

# THE PATRIARCHAL TREE

## PART II

ACROSS the hill on which the ancient tree—  
The patriarchal tree—for centuries  
Hath stood, the south winds howl in rage, and  
drive

The wintry rain with strong, attacking blasts.  
Hour after hour the tempest hurls itself,  
Until the tree, weakened where fire had gnawed  
Its massive bole, breaks and falls splintered  
down!

And thus, old speaking tree, this jagged stump  
Remains sole residue to mark thy place.

But though its place shall know it now no more,  
It stood not here for nought, and in the years  
To come, when native poesy shall lift  
Its head “The Patriarchal Tree” will live.

AUSTRALIA TO THE UNITED  
STATES OF AMERICA: A  
SONNET

AUSTRALIA gives thee welcome to her shore,  
And gladness fills her heart that thou art come  
To see thy younger sister in her home.  
She hails thy coming, opens wide her door,  
And lavishes on thee her treasured store  
Of more than friendship, and is frolicsome  
At heart to see thee near. Beneath her dome,  
For thee good-will abounds for evermore.  
Australia's mother is thy mother too,  
One faith have both, one language, and the fame  
Of noble heritage from sires who knew  
The inward light of freedom, both can claim.  
As both are proud of British ancestry,  
So both would join to keep Old England free.

## THE MOTHER AND THE DAUGHTERS

WE saw the ships come in,  
The whole sixteen !  
And sixteen thousand men, our kith and kin,  
Manned the white ships as on they moved  
With equal space between.

Upon the shore we stood,  
And cheered the fleet !  
We felt and knew we sought each others' good,  
And twice two hundred thousand men  
Were there the ships to greet.

Seven days we saw them then,  
A goodly sight !  
And admirals and officers and men  
Amidst the crowds, in bannered streets,  
Were with us day and night.

We saw the ships go out,  
The whole sixteen !  
And waved our last good-bye, and turned about,  
And sought within ourselves to know  
What it might teach and mean.

And first we called to mind  
The Mother-land !  
Her care, her ready arm so strong, so kind,  
Her joy to see us free and strong,  
Her pride by us to stand.

The day, we knew, she mourned,  
When counsel good  
Of Chatham and of Edmund Burke was scorned.  
Yet of her blood her children are,  
The bond is understood.

So while the Stars and Stripes  
We gladly see,  
And prize the friendship shown, this minstrel  
pipes  
With loyal lay the Union Jack,  
Our pledge of liberty.

## IDENTITY : A SONNET

THAT I am I, I surely know full well ;  
I know my littleness and little place,  
And how I feebly run my life's great race ;  
Yet if an angel came with power to tell  
Me how to be another I, and dwell  
In his environment and ampler space,  
Myself, annihilate ; I'd set my face,  
And be myself, though prisoned in a cell.  
God made me, me, in changeless entity,  
And could I be another, where were I ?  
'Tis not that others are not nobler far ;  
My light a spark, the while they sun-like shine ;  
But living here or in some distant star,  
Their lives are theirs, and mine for ever mine.



## SLEEP: A SONNET

DEAR charmer, Sleep! How lovely art thou  
when

We have thee not, and long for thine embrace ;  
And, when thou comest, how dost thou efface  
All consciousness e'en of thyself, and then  
In blissful self-abandonment no pen  
Can tell of, where no man our way may trace,  
In thy pure arms, in some mysterious place,  
Oblivious I wait the hour when men,  
And I among them, must their work pursue.  
And here thou art not, yet thy gift remains  
Of power to think and serve ; and while the dew  
Is on the grass, men raise their grateful strains  
To Him who safe the waking soul doth keep,  
To Him who "giveth His beloved sleep."

## QUEEN ESTHER

### I.

LONG centuries ago, a mighty King  
Enthron'd within his palace, gave command  
To summon all the nobles of his realm,  
And princes of his provinces, to feast  
With him and keep high festival ; and there,  
Till half a year had run its dazzling course,  
The riches of his kingdom were display'd,  
The honour of his brilliant majesty,  
And afterward came all the city there  
To share his kingly hospitality.  
The marble pillars in the open space  
Held lat'ral poles, circled with silver rings,  
To which were loop'd by white and purple cords,  
The rustling walls of blue, and white, and green ;  
The ground was paved with marble newly plac'd  
To please the eye, in yellow, white, and black ;  
Couches of gold and silver were display'd,  
And royal wines that all who wish'd might  
    drink,  
Were served in golden cups of many forms.

The Queen, meanwhile, with grace that charm'd  
her guests,

And queenly mien, the women entertain'd  
Within the palace of her lord, the King,  
When, lo, the seven chamberlains convey'd  
To her the wanton King's command to come  
And show before the crowd intoxicate,  
Her unveil'd beauty and her peerless charm.

And when th' indignant Queen refus'd, the  
King

Turn'd pale with anger, and his temper rag'd.  
Yet sought he counsel of the men call'd wise,  
Who stood before the King, and one replied  
That Vashti had wrought ill throughout the  
realm,

For all would tell the thing the Queen had done,  
And wives would hold their husbands in  
contempt ;

The King should therefore issue his decree  
That Vashti come no more before his face,  
And one more worthy take her royal state,  
And that throughout all provinces, the King's  
Command be sent ; so should he right the  
wrong,

And Persia's women render honour due.

This the King did, commanding that henceforth  
In every home, the husband should bear rule.

## II.

His anger cool'd, too late the King took thought  
Of stately Vashti and the iron law  
Which he had made, and had no power to  
change.

Then some who held high place advis'd the  
King:—

“Let officers in every province go  
And gather all the virgins young and fair,  
And bring them unto Shushan to the house  
The women have, let every pleasant thing  
Be given to each, till, one excelling all,  
Shall please the King and be his chosen Queen.”  
This counsel pleased and so command was giv'n.

Within the city, Mordecai the Jew  
His work pursu'd, and waited in his place.  
Born in captivity, a child of high  
Degree, he kept his faith and pride of race,  
And with dear care brought up his uncle's child,—  
Her father and her mother both were dead,  
And as she grew her beauty claim'd his thought.  
But when the maidens came, from whom the  
King

A Queen should choose, he caus'd the op'ning bud  
To bloom transplanted 'midst the other flowers,

And charged her not to make her kindred  
known.

The chamberlain who had the care of all,  
Gave Esther speedily all pleasant things,  
And the best place in all the spacious pile ;  
And seven maidens to obey her word.

Twelve months went by the while the maidens  
all,

According to the law for women there, were  
purifi'd,

—Six months with oil of myrrh, and other six  
With odours sweet, and every Orient charm,—  
And when the time arriv'd, so long desir'd,  
One pleased the King beyond his utmost hope,  
And Esther reigned as Queen in that great land.  
To mark the day the King proclaim'd a feast,  
Arrears of taxes cancell'd, made rich gifts,  
And gladden'd all the people of his realm.

But two who held high place, in discontent  
Conspiring to assassinate the King,  
Were heard by Mordecai, who told the Queen ;  
She, naming Mordecai, inform'd the King ;  
And when the plot was prob'd, and treason  
found,

The men were hang'd, and record made of all.

## III.

There stood before the King an Agagite,  
Descended from the Kings of Amalek,  
Of Israel the foe implacable ;  
Haman his name, who had been far advanc'd  
Before all other princes of the realm,  
And all with lowly reverence must bow  
When Haman pass'd their way, for so the  
    King  
Had said. But Mordecai no reverence did.  
Then Haman was inform'd ; and seeing it,  
His wicked heart conceiv'd a dark design ;  
Not Mordecai alone, but every soul  
Of all his hated race, for that affront  
Should pay the penalty of death. He judg'd  
It certain that the King would do his will,  
And casting lots to find th' auspicious day,  
With hurried steps he sought the King, and  
    said,  
“ In every province scattered through thy realm,  
There is a people sep'rate from the rest,  
Their laws they keep, the King's they disobey ;  
To suffer them must bring the kingdom harm ;  
Let it be written that they be destroy'd,  
And I will bring vast treasure to thy store.”  
This heard, the King drew off his signet ring,

And handing it to wicked Haman, said,  
"The treasure all is thine, the people too,  
To do with them as seemeth good to thee."

In haste the royal scribes were call'd to write  
The fell decree as Haman told it them ;  
Wherein command was giv'n to slay the Jews,  
The young and old, the babes and mothers too,  
On one appointed day, and all their goods  
And treasure take, as spoil and lawful prey.  
By special messengers the law went forth  
Through all the seven- and six-score provinces.  
The King and Haman then sat down to drink,  
But all the city had perplexity.

## IV.

Now Mordecai, with breaking heart, his robes  
All torn, with sackcloth cover'd o'er, and head  
With ashes strewn, went wailing to the midst  
Of Shushan, crying there most bitterly.  
Then came he to the palace gate, where none  
Might enter if in sackcloth clad, and stayed.  
Then Esther's chamberlains and maidens came,  
And told how Mordecai wail'd at the gate.  
She sent him robes, and when he took them not,  
She sent the chief of all her chamberlains  
To him, with charge to bring her all the truth.

And Mordecai kept nothing back, but told  
How Haman had occasion for his plot.  
He sent a copy of the seal'd decree,  
And charg'd the Queen to supplicate the King  
To save the nation of his royal spouse.  
And Esther heard it all, and sent again  
To Mordecai, and said that every one  
In all the land knew well the law of death,  
For woman as for man, if any went  
Uncall'd before the King, unless indeed  
The King held forth the golden sceptre then ;  
“ And I,” she said, “ these thirty days have not  
Been call'd to enter in to see the King.”  
Then Mordecai returned for answer, this :—  
“ Think not within thine heart because thou art  
The Queen, thou shalt escape though all the  
Jews  
Be slain. But if thou speakest not, relief  
Will surely come some other way, but thou  
Shalt perish, and thy father's house. And who  
Can say thou hast not been advanc'd as Queen  
For such a time as this ?” Then Esther bade  
Them take her answer back :—“ Go now at once,  
Assemble all the Jews at Shushan, let  
Them fast for me three days, and night and  
day  
Eat not nor drink ; my maidens here and I



Will also fast, then go I to the King,  
 Despite the law, and if I die, I die."  
 Then Mordecai went on, and did her word.

V.

Although the fast was long, more beautiful  
 Had Esther never look'd, than when she stood  
 Uncall'd and unannounc'd, in silence there,  
 Array'd in royal robes, before the King.  
 His heart embrac'd her, and to her he held  
 The golden sceptre that was in his hand.  
 Then Esther nearer drew, and touch'd the wand ;  
 And "What wilt thou, my Queen, what thy  
 request?"

For ev'n to half the kingdom, thou may'st ask,"  
 He said ; and she :—"O that it please the King  
 To come this day to me, and Haman too,  
 For I, a royal banquet have prepar'd."

"Let Haman come with haste at Esther's wish."  
 The King's word ran, and so together came  
 They to the banquet of the Queen. The King  
 Again ask'd Esther her petition and request,  
 Protesting it should be perform'd, although  
 The Queen should half the kingdom ask. Then  
 she,

"If I have favour found before my lord,  
 And if it please the King to grant my prayer,

O that my heart may my petition bring  
To-morrow at a second banquet here,  
With Haman present, and myself, and thee."

As Haman homeward went, it seem'd his cup  
Were all too small for all his joy ; but when  
He saw that Mordecai, before the gate,  
No honour gave him, neither stood nor mov'd,  
His joy diminish'd, and his anger brew'd.  
But yet he deem'd the honour done him, great,  
And he would tell his friends the man he was ;  
So calling them, he boasted of his wealth,  
His family, his place exalted high  
Above all other princes of the realm ;  
And ev'n more, the Queen had summon'd him  
Alone to share her banquet with the King,  
And on the morrow look'd for him again ;  
But all his brightness tarnish'd was, and dim,  
While Mordecai the Jew sat in the gate.

Then all that company, his wife and friends,  
Gave counsel that he make a gallows high,  
Yea, threescore feet and ten, and let him ask  
The King, thereon to hang the Jew. Then might  
He merrily go in to Esther's feast.  
He pictur'd Mordecai as hanging there,  
And forthwith caus'd the gallows to be made.

## VI.

Desirèd sleep that night fled from the King,  
And he commanded that the chronicles  
Of State be brought and read to him.

“ Ah, what is this ! ” he said ; “ did Mordecai  
Frustrate that dastard plot to take my life ?  
What honour then, and dignity hath been  
Conferred on him ? ” And when they answered,

“ There

Is nothing done for him,” the King said, “ Who  
Is in the Court ? ” Now Haman had come there  
To ask the King to hang his enemy ;

And when the King knew Haman stood without,  
“ Let him come in,” he said ; so Haman came.

The King then asked him what ’twere right to do  
To one the King would honour with delight.

And Haman, self-absorb’d, infatuate,

And certain that he was himself the man

The King would further honour, answer’d, “ For  
The man the King delights to honour, let

There be royal apparel brought—the robes

The King himself doth wear—and let the King’s  
Own horse be brought, and let the royal crown

Be brought to set upon his head, and let

The robes and horse be given to the hand

Of some most noble prince ; let him array

The man the King takes pleasure in, and  
lead

Him riding royally along the street,  
Proclaiming as he leads, 'Thus is it done  
Unto the man the King delights to honour!'"

"Make haste," the King replied. "Take thou  
the robes

And horse, as thou hast said, and do  
It all thyself to Mordecai the Jew.  
Let nothing fail of all that thou hast said."  
Then Haman took th' apparel and the horse,  
And Mordecai array'd, and led the horse  
With Mordecai thereon, the crowded street  
Along, proclaiming strangely as he went,  
The King's delight to honour him who rode.  
When all was done, in haste went Haman  
home,

In heaviness of heart, with cover'd head,  
And pitifully told his wife and friends;  
And these no comfort gave him, while they  
said,

"If Mordecai before whom thou hast now  
Begun to fall, be of the Hebrew race,  
Against him thou shalt not prevail; before  
Him shalt thou fall." While yet they talk'd,  
came men

To hasten Haman to the feast prepar'd.

## VII.

To banquet with the Queen, again the King  
And Haman came. And now the King with  
more

Anxiety and tenderness than he  
Before had shown, desir'd the trembling Queen  
To tell him her petition and request.

Then Esther said, "If I have in thine eyes,  
O King, some favour found, and if it please  
The King, O let my life be granted me,  
And let my people live at my request.

For we are sold to be destroy'd, yea, slain,  
To perish from the earth ; and if as slaves  
We had been sold, I could have held my peace,  
But even then the damage to the King  
The adversary could not compensate."

Then in astonishment the King replied,  
"But who is he, and where is he that durst  
Presume to think this thing?" And Esther said,  
"An adversary and an enemy,  
This wicked Haman here." Then Haman  
quail'd

Before them, and the King in wrath, arose,  
And to the garden went, and Haman stood  
And crav'd for very life before the Queen,  
For he perceiv'd the King was hot with wrath.

In agonising pleading Haman fell  
Upon the couch whereon Queen Esther lay,  
And when the King came in and saw him there,  
His anger blaz'd, and loudly he call'd out  
“Will this man even force the Queen, before  
Me, in this house?” The chamberlains rush'd in  
And cover'd Haman's face, and one then said,  
“Behold the gallows high which Haman made  
For Mordecai, who sav'd the King, stands now  
At Haman's house!” “Hang him thereon,” he  
said.

They hang'd him on the gallows he had made  
For Mordecai. This pacified the King.

#### VIII.

The house of Haman now became the Queen's,  
And Esther told the King how Mordecai  
Had brought her up, and what he was to her.  
When Mordecai before him came, the King  
Took off his ring which Haman had misus'd,  
And gave to him.

And Esther yet again  
Besought the King, low at his feet, with tears,  
To save the Jews from pending massacre.  
The despot, impotent to change a law

Once made, told Esther then and Mordecai  
To use the royal power as they thought well ;  
A law might by another law be met,  
And countervailed.

In haste the scribes were call'd  
To write the words which Mordecai pronounc'd,  
Whereby all Jews, lieutenants, deputies,  
Princes, and all authorities throughout  
The realm, were giv'n to know the new decree  
Which granted to the Jews in every place,  
The King's authority to arm themselves  
And come together in defence of life ;  
To slay and cause to perish from the earth,  
All that in any place would do them harm ;  
To take from them their spoil as lawful prey.  
The day appointed was the self-same day  
Decreed already for their massacre.  
This new decree, in Shushan given out,  
Was sent through every province of the realm.

In royal vesture rob'd, of blue and white,  
Purple and linen fine, crown'd with a crown  
Of gold, resplendent then was Mordecai,  
As from the presence of the King he went.  
The city Shushan shouted in its joy,  
And all the Jews had honour, joy and light.

## IX.

The red day dawn'd, ah me ! the day was sad,  
When both opposing laws might be obey'd ;  
The Jews in strength assembl'd in their towns,  
Prepar'd to slay the men who sought their hurt ;  
That day the King's lieutenants help'd the Jews,  
Constrain'd by fear of mighty Mordecai ;  
The sons of Haman, ten in number, fell,  
And all who rose against the Jews were slain ;  
No spoil was taken, none offenceless, slain.  
That night when men reported to the King,  
He told the Queen, and ask'd her further will.  
Then Esther ask'd that when the morrow dawn'd,  
The Jews in Shushan only, might have leave  
Again, to slay their foes ; and Haman's sons  
Be on their father's lofty gallows hang'd.  
Ah, lovely Esther ! sad it were to say  
This were a blot unseemly on thy fame ;  
Whatever cause thou hadst for it, thy life  
Was liv'd in days when Jesus had not come  
To teach men magnanimity and love.  
The day that follow'd, all the Jews rejoic'd,  
Feasting and sending one another gifts,  
Remembering especially the poor.  
One day was in the villages observed,  
In Susa where the palace was, the next ;



And Mordecai and Esther now decreed  
With words of gratitude, and peace, and truth,  
That these two days should always be observ'd  
With memory of their fastings, and their cry.  
They call'd them days of Purim, from the name  
Of Pur, the lot, which Haman cast, to find  
Th' auspicious day for his fell massacre.

## X.

Then Mordecai remain'd next to the King,  
Advanc'd in greatness, great among the Jews,  
Seeking their good, and speaking peace to all.

## THE FAIRIES

### I.

As I lay sleeping yesternight,  
The fairies came to me ;  
The moon, full-orb'd, gave ample light,  
Enabling me to see  
The little, green-clad, kindly things,  
All dancing merrily.

### II.

I watch'd them all with full delight,  
For it was good to see  
So graceful and so rare a sight  
Of innocence and glee ;  
I wonder'd where they liv'd and kept  
As still as still could be.

## III.

Then all at once they ceased to dance,  
And look'd as one, at me,  
And I lay still as in a trance,  
And listen'd eagerly,  
To hear the kindly fairies talk  
Who smil'd so pleasantly.

## IV.

And one who seem'd to be their queen,  
Whose face was fair to see,  
Whose dress was of a richer green,  
Came near me daintily,  
Her voice was like a singing bird's,  
And this, she said to me :—

## V.

“When fairies let their speech be heard,  
A man must silent be,  
And if he speak a single word,  
That moment we must flee,  
And we have come to show a thing  
Which future years may see.

## VI.

“For we will bring thee to the Fane  
Where time unerringly  
Enshrines things that poet's brain  
And heart have caus'd to be ;  
Colossal things are there, and things  
Of true simplicity.”

## VII.

Then all the fairies closer drew,  
And gently lifted me ;  
It seem'd as if a zephyr blew,  
As softly, pleasantly,  
They carried me I knew not where,  
And set me by the sea.

## VIII.

Then stood I on the sounding shore,  
Just where I lov'd to be,  
And watch'd the tow'ring breakers pour  
Themselves unceasingly,  
And spread in ripples at my feet,  
While moonbeams kiss'd the sea.

## IX.

Until my little fairy friends  
Disturb'd my reverie—  
Alas, how simply one offends  
Where none offence should be ;  
I almost thought the fairy queen  
Was jealous of the sea.

## X.

“ Behind thee is the Muse's Fane,  
Where works of artistry  
That triumph through their worth, remain,  
A living library !  
I wish'd to show some little thing ”—  
Lo, this, she said to me.

## XI.

The place I, shoeless, entered then,  
Seem'd partly known to me ;  
Perhaps it was that works of men  
Of wondrous sympathy,  
Whose thoughts had pleas'd me well, were there,  
In immortality.

## XII.

It seem'd a thing beyond my dreams  
That my small lamp could be  
Allow'd to shed its feeble beams,  
In that great company ;  
Yet, why had fairies brought me there ?  
My heart said, tremblingly.

## XIII.

The fairies seem'd so kindly too,  
Surely not mockingly,  
—That were a thing unkind to do—  
Had they come unto me ;  
And round me all those fairies stood,  
As joyous as could be.

## XIV.

My peace I could no longer hold ;  
I cried excitedly  
“ Show me, O friends ”—then all was cold,  
I knew they'd gone from me,  
And I had broken that dear spell,  
Alas, impatiently.

## XV.

“ When fairies let their speech be heard,  
A man must silent be,  
And if he speak a single word  
That moment we must flee.”  
Ah, would that I had heeded well  
Words utter’d warningly.

## XVI.

And when I wak’d I felt the breeze  
Come through the windows free.  
It murmur’d in the leafy trees,  
It sigh’d with sympathy ;  
And while the timid moonbeams came,  
I heard the mighty sea.

## STANZAS

*Sent to Archbishop SAUMAREZ SMITH, 11th January 1906,  
on his leaving for England*

WHEN in the Winter-time the trees are bare,  
    When graceful leaves no longer wave and play  
The gather'd fruits remain for us to share,  
    And hope of Spring-time lights the daily way.

So though your place awhile will vacant be,  
    The fruits of faithful work are surely stor'd,  
And hope is ours that you from o'er the sea  
    Will come again to us, with love outpour'd.



## A HYMN

LORD the Almighty, Thee we praise,—  
    Father, Thy love we own ;  
And in the Faith of Christ we raise  
    Our worship to Thy Throne,  
And pray for grace to keep us true  
To Thee, in all we plan and do.

Lord, Who illimitable space,—  
    Eternity, dost fill ;  
While suns and planets in their place  
    Obey their Maker's will ;  
We, in the grace of Christ brought near,  
Would humbly serve Thee in our sphere.

Lord of the Continents and Isles,  
    Lord of the mighty seas ;  
When Nature either frowns or smiles,  
    In sunshine or the breeze,  
In all Thine earth, O grant that we  
May own Thee, love Thee, serve but Thee.

## ROBERT BURNS

*Born 25th January 1759; Died 21st July 1796*

### A SONNET

ALTHOUGH at noon thy sun went down, yet still  
It shineth, and for evermore shall shine.  
Not Scotland's sons alone, men's hearts are thine  
Who love thee, lofty son of song, and thrill  
With pleasure as they see "The Vision" fill  
Thy soul with power, the while they see her twine  
The holly round thy head, O Poet mine,  
"The polished leaves and berries red." And till  
Thy "gurgling" Ayr forsake "his pebbled shore,"  
Till high-souled, priest-like fathers pray no more,  
Nor read "the sacred page," thy lays shall yield  
Rich vein of pathos, humour, dignity;  
Still shalt thou show thy trembling sympathy,  
And while the world shall last, still plough a  
fertile field.

## THE LORD'S DAY

To take a gift and spurn the noble Giver,  
To soil in gross perversion of its end  
A gift becoming even God to send—  
From such ingratitude, O Lord, deliver  
Th' indifferent, shallow-thinking multitude.

In Holy Writ its sacred title standeth,  
Which speaks of triumph o'er the tyrant Death;  
For, to the quickened ear, "The Lord's Day"  
saith,  
"He is not dead Who died, and He commandeth."  
Forgive, O Lord, the heedless multitude.

For not of purpose set, their way proceedeth;  
Though "holiday," not Holy Day, their word,  
Men do not mean to slight "The Glorious  
Lord";  
And yet they spurn the food man's spirit needeth,  
For lack of knowledge marks the multitude.

The most stupendous fact in human story,—  
The Resurrection of the Crucified—  
The Day attests, His Day Who for them died;  
And men were blind who could not give the glory,  
To Him Who rose to bless the multitude.

Yet claims of lower things are so imperious  
That men incline to live for them alone,  
Forgetful that there is a wider zone,  
And that Religion pleasant, good and serious,  
Makes this life brighter for the multitude.

For as the rain our Heavenly Father sendeth,  
And as the splendid sun He makes to shine,  
Are of His universal love a sign;  
So he who to this gladsome day attendeth,  
Proclaims the Lord who loves the multitude.

With toiling men of every rank and station,  
I plead: "Honour the Lord, honour His day,"  
For you are men, and men are more than clay,  
And men who fear the Lord, these bring salvation  
To bless on earth the toiling multitude.

## SHE HAD NO FRIENDS

“YOU have been kind to me, I give you all  
I have, my gratitude, and now I go  
With this my own sweet babe, to join my friends.”  
Alas, she had no friends, for all had turn’d  
From her; yet for shame’s sake she said  
“I go to join my friends.”

Aimless she walk’d,  
And when her baby cried she gave her breast  
And sooth’d the child. The whole day long she  
walk’d  
She knew not where, and when the sun declin’d  
She lay beneath a hawthorn hedge and slept.  
Before the morn, hungry and cold she wak’d  
And fed her babe, but had herself no food.  
And when the birds began to greet the day,  
Plucking a hawthorn spray sweet with the breath  
Of morn, she sighed and went with wearied step  
Till faint, she stopp’d upon a rustic bridge  
That spann’d a peaceful stream.

Her baby cried  
And she had nought to give ; no one was near ;  
The water seem'd to speak of peace and rest—  
And while she gaz'd she tightly clasp'd her  
child  
And leap'd into the pure inviting depth.

She seem'd to wake from sleep, and heard a  
voice,  
And lo ! upon the grass the child lay dead.  
A man meanwhile had brought an officer,  
To whom she said she had been tired of life,  
And she was sorry that she liv'd the while  
The babe she lov'd, her lovely babe, lay dead.

They lock'd her in a prison cell, and charg'd  
Her with the slaying of the child ; and when  
The trial began, she whispering, said, " I am  
Not guilty, for I lov'd, I lov'd my babe."  
The labouring man who rescu'd her, declar'd  
He saw her throw herself into the stream,  
The babe being in her arms. The officer  
Rehears'd her words to him. She wondered  
much  
To hear her advocate suggest she might  
Have slipp'd by accident into the stream ;  
For she had told him all the truth ; her shame,  
Her broken heart, her hungry babe, her leap.

“Guilty,” the Jury said, and brokenly  
The judge pronounced the awful words of death.

She did not die; the King was mov’d to act,  
And after she had serv’d imprisonment,  
She cross’d the seas, beginning life anew.

## A FRAGMENT

AH! mournful indeed for the loved ones left  
weeping,  
The hour when the spirit immortal takes flight;  
And leaves in the chamber of death, as if sleeping,  
The casket where long dwelt our love and our  
light.



## SIX FOR THE HORSE, HALF A DOZEN FOR THE BOY

A COUNTRY parson and his little son,  
Through the still night were homeward driving  
on ;  
The darkness could be felt, for every star had  
gone.

When lo ! the sound of rain came as a pleasant  
song  
(Because the land had cried with yearning  
strong),  
While for accompaniment, the thunder rumbled  
long.

Then, close before them, lightning barr'd their  
way,  
The jewell'd raindrops flashed as diamonds  
play,  
And instant, dreadful thunder peal'd its mighty  
lay.

The parson's horse stood for a moment still,  
Then, unalarm'd, went on, down the dark hill;  
While the dear rain of Heaven fulfill'd its  
Maker's will.

Then spake the boy in confidence so true,  
Words that declar'd what filial trust could do:  
“ *Old Jess was not afraid because she was with  
you.*”

AN AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL  
HYMN. No. 2

GOD keep Australia free,  
Subject to none but Thee,  
Ready and strong ;  
Grant her her way to know,  
May she in wisdom grow,  
Her golden harvest sow  
Of peace and song.

God grant the Mother-land  
Stately in strength to stand,  
Honoured and free ;  
While 'neath their southern skies,  
Her spreading people prize  
Leaders both true and wise  
Their path to see.

Australia's Nationhood,  
'Fore the world fair and good,  
Well may she weave ;  
Grant her prosperity,  
And in the days to be,  
All her high destiny  
May she achieve.



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